

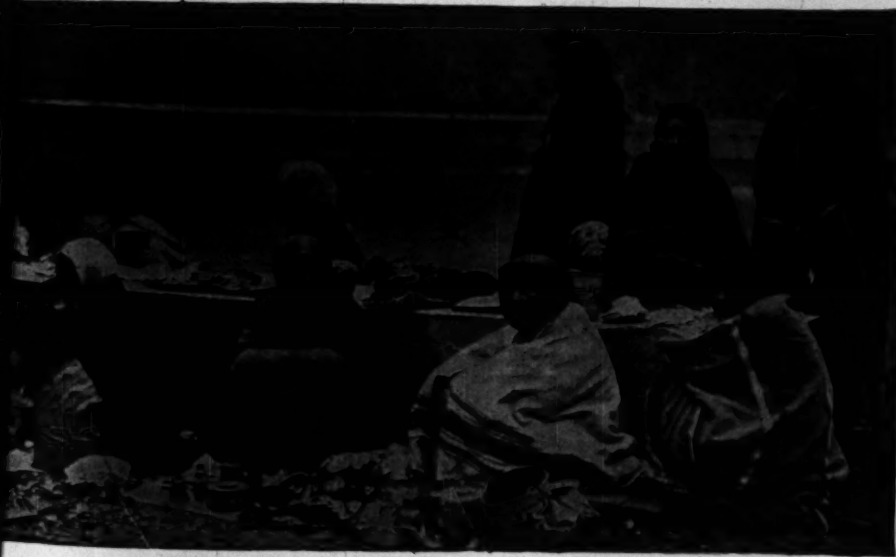
Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 1.



Indian Merchants at Douglas, Alaska.

510 & Tremont & Temple
Boston

THE WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY.

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HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper will be published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and will represent in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. The aim will be to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds will be general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor; Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D.D., will have charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt will have charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty cents. Ten copies and upwards to one address yearly, ten cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents; and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 1.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

IN no part of the mission field can the guiding hand of the Lord be more plainly seen than in the opening up of Alaska missions. When Doctor Jackson and Mrs. McFarland reached Fort Wrangell to begin Presbyterian work, they found a school of twenty pupils, and the Indian Clah acting as teacher. God opened the work in advance of the usual missionary appliances. It took many years of entreaty on the part of

Doctor Jackson to convince other denominations that they had any duty to this far-off land. How many weeks our own Society prayed and talked over our duty! It took many months to decide to open the Orphanage, and we moved out tremblingly upon the promises. Oliver Cromwell once said that "One never mounts so high as when one does not know where one is going." Faith in God can make an individual or a society start out upon any enterprise with sealed orders. During the years since our Society determined to build an Orphanage at Wood Island, we have had many discouragements. Many objections were raised in the beginning. We could not always answer them, but not for a moment has the Society faltered.

"We knew not the way we were going,
But well did we know our Guide."

Today we have a neat, comfortable Orphanage, a wise, far-sighted Christian man as superintendent, teachers with warm, motherly hearts; twenty-five boys and girls, some of them with changed hearts and lives; a United States Commissioner; a physician; a neat chapel free from debt, a cottage for the superintendent; all this brought about in five years through the influence of the Baptist women and children of New England. The opening up of the Klondike and Cook's Inlet will draw people to this district, and we must have not only a school, but a missionary who will seek out the lost and bring them to Christ. For this purpose, Mr. Coe will be released in the spring, and will serve as pastor and missionary. Therefore, more money and additional laborers will be needed in Alaska. Let us not lag behind our Leader, but where He leads we will follow.

"Treadwell Gold Mine."

THE cut on our title-page represents a group of native Indians on Douglas Island, Alaska. On this island is located the famous Treadwell gold mine, the early history of which was full of incident. In April, 1881, two miners reached the place too late to take up any good claim on the mainland. They prospected and staked off claims on this island.

John Treadwell advanced them \$150, and took this claim as security, and finally became owner by default; next he bought an adjoining claim for \$300. Squatters almost drove Mr. Treadwell away; a mob took off the Chinese miners and set them adrift in a small schooner; only the vigilance and patience of the first owner saved the mine for him. When, in 1884, civil government was established, the work was begun on a large scale. Its stamping-mill, where the gold-bearing quartz is crushed, contains 240 stamps, each stamp weighing 900 pounds, running night and day, crushing from 600 to 700 tons per day. The laborers do not have to work in dark underground channels; all is above ground; no timbering or shafting is required. It is an open quarry, lighted by electric lights. The gold is shipped to the mint in San Francisco in form of bricks, worth from \$1,500 to \$1,800 dollars each.

The mine is well situated for the purpose of receiving or shipping freight, as vessels drawing twenty feet of water can lie alongside the rocks which form the natural shore, less than one hundred yards from the quartz wall. Other mining enterprises are located in this vicinity, and there are abundant indications of gold all along the coast. The governor of the Territory reports thus:

"Different parties are now out, and are carefully examining the mountains between Cook's Inlet and Yakuta. The excitement over the Klondike has drawn many away from the Cook's Inlet district; nevertheless, the output of gold this year will be no mean sum. The possibilities of the whole region bordering upon this inlet and upon Prince William Sound will draw crowds of adventurers in the near future."

THE announcement of the name of the State having the largest number of "Precious Jewels," as promised for January ECHOES, will be published in the February issue.

Northern Lights.



HE Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society is the *only* Baptist organization doing missionary work in Alaska.

For the Orphanage, school, and chapel, it asks this year for \$4,500. Shall it have it? Let the Sunday schools answer, Yes, by a speedy contribution for the work. One hundred and forty-eight schools have thus far responded. We need \$3,000 before April 1st.

OUR Government has established a Life-Saving Station at Pt. Barrow, in the Arctic Sea. It is provisioned for 100 men for one year. The Kadiak Mission is a Life-Saving Station, not for 100 men, nor for one year, but for all time, and "whosoever will, may come."

WACHUSETT ASSOCIATION, Mass., with its 17 Sunday schools, sends gifts from 13. All honor to Wachusett. Let other associations fall into line.

ALTHOUGH few Russians are left in Alaska, the Czar of Russia, as temporal head of the Greek Orthodox Church, maintains seventeen churches and ninety-two chapels in Alaska, and the chapels in San Francisco and Chicago, at an expense of \$60,000 a year.

MISS M. E. MELLOR, who for the last two years has been teaching in the government school at Unalaska, visited friends in Brooklyn this last summer. She brought with her five native girls and left them at the school for Indians at Carlisle, Pa. They were all very bright. The youngest was twelve years old, and the oldest eighteen. They will be trained at Carlisle for the place of assistant teachers in the government schools of Alaska. The United States pays their expenses.

THE Alaskan boy calls the American eagle the Boston boys' totem.

MR. AND MRS. COE are a noble people, loved by all who meet them. It would be hard to find a man who would be as patient and kind as Mr. Coe with these children.

HATTIE SNOW.

THE annual cruise of the revenue cutter along Northern Alaska is the only visit of an educated physician the natives can secure during the year. Whenever the ship drops anchor, all sick and ailing that are able to be moved are gathered up from the village and neighborhood and brought on board to see the doctor. Those who cannot be moved are usually visited in their huts on shore, and everything possible under the circumstances is done for their relief. The ship becomes a travelling hospital and dispensary.

THE report of John G. Brady, governor of Alaska, for the past fiscal year, has been submitted to the Secretary of the Interior. It estimates the present population at 30,000 natives and 10,000 whites; predicts that with reindeer transportation mails can be sent over Alaska during the winter; and recommends that \$100,000 be appropriated for government buildings and \$60,000 for schools. It urges Congress to create a commission of five, one senator, one representative, and three bona fide Alaska residents, to codify laws for Alaska.

Wood Island, Alaska.



Y a look at any good map of Alaska about half-way between Sitka and Unalaska, which lies at the end of the mainland, will be seen the large island, Kadiak. Near the northeastern coast of Kadiak lies a group of islands, one of which is Wood Island, the location of the only Baptist missionary work in all this immense country. Wood Island is separated

from Kadiak by a strait about a mile and a half wide. This strait is considered quite dangerous water for small boats. The tides run strong, and there are several tide-rips. At times the water is very rough, and the change from very calm to very boisterous frequently does not take over thirty minutes.



ALEUT CHIEF AND FAMILY.

Wood Island is about four miles long, north and south, and about two miles wide. So undulating is the surface, it looks much like a sea with long swells rolling one after the other. The foundation is slate, and the strata are set on edge at almost all points on the island. At many places around the coast slate ledges present bold faces to the sea. In the hollows between the ridges lie several beautiful fresh lakes, and at the north end there is a salt water lake with outlet to the sea, through which the tide rises and falls.

The vegetation of the island is quite varied. Of trees there are spruce, fir, alder, and a species resembling balsam of Gilead. Most of the island is covered with thick forest. The trees are not of much value either as lumber or fuel. They are too knotty for the former and too sappy for the latter. In the bogs, cranberries and mossberries are found.

small quantities, while the salmonberry—similar to the black raspberry—grows in large patches. Wild flowers grow in profusion; more than fifty varieties have been collected. The wild roses are the most beautiful I ever saw. Garden vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbage, carrots, radishes, and rhubarb, can be raised on the south hill slopes, but the patches of available ground are so small and so scattered, not much attention is paid to these products.

On the western side of the island is found the best beach, and the bay is here free from rocks and reefs for a distance of nearly a mile, which cannot be said of any other portion. Consequently this is the site of the village, the Russian name of which is Lesnoi, meaning wooded. The old Russian Company had a post here, and later the Russian-American Ice Company had several large ice-houses, the foundations of which remain, which they filled each winter with ice from the lakes for shipment to San Francisco.

Just prior to the building of the Orphanage in 1893, the North American Commercial Company established here their central station for this district.

The population consists of a few Americans, one Russian, Creoles, and Aleuts, about two hundred in all. The natives are of medium size, and peaceable, indolent, and mild in disposition. Both Creoles and Aleuts elect a chief.

In May the men go out to the sea-otter grounds in schooners fitted out by the commercial companies, and for three months or more the schooners are their homes. From these they go out in calm weather in their bidarkies, or boats, to hunt the otter, whose skin is so highly prized. Some of them have made in recent years \$1,500 to \$2,000 in a season. This last summer, however, the catch was a small one, and it seems that sea-otter will soon become extinct.

The chief articles of food among the natives are fish—fresh, salt, or dried—and tea. They manufacture a drink very similar to hop-yeast, on which they get very drunk.

All the people are members of the Russian Orthodox (Greek Catholic) Church, having been immersed when infants. They observe with strictest care the services and holidays of the church, but beyond that their claim to be Christians usually is not supported by their manner of life. Very few can read or write, and the church services are in a language but little understood by the people. Their Bible is almost identical with ours, and some of the teachings of the church are similar. Their great mistake is in believing that salvation is gained by observance of outward forms. Every similarity in the two faiths makes it so much the more difficult to induce them to leave the false and turn to the true, even though theirs fails at the one essential point.

The Kadiak Baptist Orphanage is endeavoring to train the children gathered under its care to become, first, consistent Christians, and then leaders and teachers of their people.

Across the bay from us is Kadiak, the old Russian capital, with its population of five hundred. Kadiak and Wood Island are the trading-posts of the North American and Alaska Commercial Companies for Central Alaska. Our

field includes all of the Kadiak Islands, and the region around Cook's Inlet, from Mount St. Elias to the Shumagin Isles, a distance of 1,100 miles. Some of our children are from Kayak, where the only religious forces are the superstitions of the natives—witchcraft, etc. Two of them, aged six and four years, paid a visit to their home last summer, and from the testimony of white men there, their singing of Gospel songs and rebuking of swearing awakened memories of early training long since forgotten in the minds of some. It is hoped that when older and better trained they may return to let their people know of the grace of God and the love of Christ.

We now have twenty-five children, twelve boys and thirteen girls, in our care. They range in age from two and a half years to eighteen. The oldest girl was baptized in September, and united with the Church. Others will doubtless soon follow. In fact, all the older ones profess to love Jesus, and some are showing by their lives their desire to follow Him.

We pray daily that God's blessing may rest on those who have made it possible for these to learn of His love.

Our last mail will carry this, then for five months we will not see the mail-boat. Still we trust your prayers and ours will together ascend to the throne of grace.

CURTIS P. COZ.

Alaska's Governor.



ANY years ago a number of destitute children from a great city were taken into the country to find homes among the green trees and waving fields of grain. Among them was the boy who has recently been appointed governor of Alaska. He made the most of his opportunities. He stood well at school, attended Harvard University, and afterward took a course of study in Europe. Then he became a missionary to Alaska, and has done so much towards developing the resources of his chosen field of work, and in calling the attention of the outside world to its possibilities, that he has been honored by being placed at its head.

The first official proclamation from Alaska comes from him, and carries the seal and bears the date of the thirtieth year of the transfer of the territory from Russia to the United States. It begins as follows:

"The people of Alaska have much for which to be thankful to Almighty God in the year which has just passed. On account of the wonderful discoveries of gold upon the Klondike, we have been brought permanently before the public, and many who have derided Alaska as good for nothing are now admitting that it has wonderful possibilities. For this turn in the tide of opinion let us give thanks. While the cattle upon the hills are the Almighty's, the gold, copper, and coal in the mountains, and the fish in the sea are His also. We here in Alaska can raise our voices in praise and thanksgiving for the abundance we have enjoyed this past year. We can rejoice also that our friends and relatives, scattered through the States of the Union, and the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, have been blessed with abundant harvests, and that their products find good markets."

A Gold Mine.



THE gold-fields of Alaska are drawing settlers from all parts of the world. The hardships and dangers the miners encounter are the universal theme.

Of the brave and heroic men and women who are mining not for gold but for souls, we hear but little. We bring you this month specimens of ore from one of their mines. It is located, not on the inaccessible frozen Yukon, but in the sunny Kadiak district of Alaska. Instead of gambling dens and dance-halls, the miners have placed there the Christian Church. Test the ore, and you will find it has the ring of the pure metal. The stock is on the market at one dollar per share, and we ask you to invest.

"The Year's Output."

Long looked for, come at last. The schooner *Alexander* has just arrived. It brought us lots of letters. This means that the long winter is over. It has been a mild one; many nights through January and February it was hardly cold enough to freeze water out of doors, and some nights ice and snow thawed all night. At present there is but little snow on the ground. During the winter I visited some of the meetings and attended one funeral of the Greek Church. It made my blood boil that such idolatry should be taught for Christianity. People are very strict about going to church.

APRIL 17. The first mail-steamer, *The Dora*, reached Kadiak to-day, but the water was so rough across the bay no one dared go for it. This month a large party of Indians from Kayak (a wretched, wicked place, where there is no religious influence whatever) arrived at the Mission on a visit to the children of their tribe. I invited them to the school-room. The children sang for them, and through an interpreter, Brother Johnson, of the Swedish Mission at St. Michael's, and myself told them the story of the Cross. They listened intently; probably they had never before heard of the Son of God. They remained to supper, and left us, well pleased and friendly.

Brother Johnson tells me that the workers in his mine eat whale-oil by the spoonful, and dried fish like a native, an accomplishment we have not learned.

MAY 2. Our chapel is all finished, except seats and pulpits, and we began worshipping in it to-day. It is so far all paid for, and is "beautiful for situation." The exterior is painted white with dark green trimmings; the interior is light blue, with light stone trimmings.

MAY 12. We have had a wedding in our church to-day, a native woman and an Englishman. They were to have been married on Sunday, but a foolish regulation of the Russian Church forbade her going to church then. It was postponed until Wednesday, but the mail-boat came in bound for Unalaska; it left early in the afternoon; the priest wished to go, and would not wait to marry them. They came to me, and I married them in our chapel.

MAY 17. I have burned off three or four acres of land I found in the woods last week, and I must plow it this week.

MAY 22. A pleasant spring; the whole island looks beau-

tiful. Have made a bridge across the lake, and fixed a road to it. Have hauled several loads of dirt for flower beds, and burned off the brush around the Mission.

MAY 28. School closed to-day with a closing entertainment to which many of the natives came. From now to September Miss Goodchild and the older girls will be busy at work sewing and mending.

JUNE 4. Breaking sod with one horse is hard for man and beast, but we have accomplished a little. The plow broken I harrowed many times and planted. Could we have secured seed potatoes I would have planted more but the wreck of the *Gen. Siglin* has made us short. Ordered some from Sitka, but they were washed overboard. Have sent the older boys on a fishing trip, telling them to stay until they caught some. Am making a road from the Orphanage to the cottage.

JUNE 25. I am digging a drain around one side of the Mission and filling it partly with gravel, a box having been laid first. The boys are hauling gravel in boats across the lake.

JUNE 27. Miss Snow has been compelled by ill health



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ALASKA.

to leave us. We exceedingly regret her departure. We have moved back from our cottage to the Mission. *We need help.* A man and his wife to care for the Orphanage; the wife to serve as matron, the man to understand general farm work and boating. I long to carry the Gospel to the native villages on the island and adjacent coast. It's impossible now for me to leave home for a single day. Why, there is always something that must be done just now. Send some one to take my place and let me go out among the people. We have had a visit from the Bishop of the Russian Church, who came up from San Francisco.

JULY 16. Think we will try for a well on the hill back of the house. The water problem is a large one here; another problem is our chimney flues; they are six-inch terra cotta, and three or four stoves lead into each. Smoky stoves are a common occurrence. Did you ever cook in a kitchen with a smoking stove? Well, if so, no more need be said. Another want—a small surgical case.* I have to be doctor, surgeon, dentist as well as teacher and preacher. I have had to borrow a case twice recently. We also need a few tooth forceps. Yesterday I went fishing; caught about eighty.

* Mr. Coe received, in September, a fine surgical case, the gift of a friend in Boston.

JULY 10. Worked on the old well to-day; dipped all the water out, dug out deposits and fixed it so we can case it to the bottom. Our fishers came home this evening; caught only 600 altogether. I have a scheme for having garden and hay-field close at hand. There is a sandy knoll near the beach. The old Russian-American Company used it formerly for an oat-field. I think I'll fence it and claim it for the Society. It will be quite a job, but it will pay.

JULY 28. Have some good hay cut, and some in stack, covered with a large sail. Hope the weather will continue fine.

Now for the news. Miss Goodchild became Mrs. Sankey Saturday night, and they are now on a trip to Kayak. Mr. Sankey is assistant superintendent of the North American Commercial Company. His wife will work for the Mission until help comes. I learn there is a strong effort to take the children from the Mission as a result of the Bishop's visit. "Forewarned is forearmed." I anticipate no trouble.

AUGUST 17. The bell for the chapel has arrived, and is in place. We are well pleased with it; it can be heard a long way off; the gift of the Wakefield, Mass. Sunday school. I am persuaded that the real equipping of these people must be the result of preaching Christ. How I long to do so more effectually.

The manufacturer of a rag-carpet loom has offered, upon my inquiry, a loom that they sell for \$86, for \$50. With one of these some of our children could learn a trade that would make a good living, I believe, and we could cover many of our bare floors. Do you know of any one who wants to invest \$50 this way? We have but one trade-school in the Territory, and that is at Sitka, 600 miles away. Sometime some of these children can be taken to Carlisle, but I believe just now a loom would be a most valuable investment.

Hay!! Prepare for a tale of woe. Three weeks ago we began to cut our hay; got down a good deal. Saturday it looked like rain and we rushed it all into a stack. It cleared off and we scattered it out, and in the night it rained and has been keeping it up ever since. It will probably be only good for bedding. We must have a silo; by that means we can use green grass, and keep it green all winter. Now we must purchase from San Francisco, and the freight will be enormous.

A pleasant piece of news. Saturday's mail brought us a letter from California containing a check for \$100 to help in mission work. We are sorry there is no one to send to our help; we are short-handed and working hard.

AUGUST 31. Our hay is in the barn; the cattle eat it, and though not first-class, it will help us through the winter. Our boys are out for poles to build a fence. Have six hundred chopped down, but have to raft them quite a distance. The smaller boys are collecting limbs of fallen trees for wood. They are the best fire-wood we have. The natives have come home from hunting the sea-otter very much in debt; the otter were very scarce. I hope some one will come to relieve us soon.

SEPTEMBER 23. We have been having serious illness in the Home; dysentery is the trouble. Four of our boys were off fishing, and we were short of help and had to watch and

work night and day.³ The boxes have arrived and were of great value. We have painted our cottage and shed; they add to the beauty of the premises, but the blotched and spotted paint of the Orphanage looks worse by contrast.

Oldotia, our oldest girl, was baptized September 5. A goodly number witnessed her baptism. Others have asked for baptism, but we are waiting to be certain they desire to follow Christ rather than one of their number.

OCTOBER 15. Our sickness has passed; eighteen all told needed doctoring; two died. Our own boy was very sick, and we were alarmed, but God heard prayer, and he is all right again.

OCTOBER 21. The gold craze does not set the people here as wild as it seems to the people below. For myself, it has no attraction. A large unseaworthy steamer came in a few days ago with a load of passengers for the Yukon. They had never expected to see land again, but on they went to Unalaska, and there they abandoned the vessel and chartered a schooner.

During the year we have received the gift of a seine



MISSION SCHOOL, WOOD ISLAND.

forty-five fathoms long from Mr. Matthews, superintendent of the Karluk canneries; also a box of smoked salmon. From Mr. Sankey we have received many favors. His wife has given chairs for our infant department in the Sunday school, and is superintendent of it. Last Sunday night a collection was taken for missions. It amounted to \$16.50, which we divided among the Missionary Union, Home Mission, and Publication Societies. Winter is coming rapidly; the sun has been shining brightly the last few days, but the ground remains frozen. The lake is frozen and the boys are skating.

This is probably the last letter of the year. We appreciate all efforts to secure aid for us, both by the New England Society and friends in California. We know all the difficulties in the way, but do not be anxious; we will not worry nor overwork, and will be as contented and happy as possible.

If we have faith in God we must believe He leads for our good in the matters that disappoint as much as in the matter that pleases.

With Mike, one of the Orphanage boys, we say thanks for all you have done for us. A Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year; and may God give us the gems we seek — jewels for His crown.

C. P. COE, Wood Island.

Here is an opportunity to gain an interest in a mine al-

ready in operation. Three thousand shares yet remain. This year's subscription books are open until March 31. The dividends are sure, payable on earth and in heaven.

Klondike.



NE of the natives came down to Sitka from the Chilkat Pass and Skaguay on the first steamer in September, bringing word that the natives there who owned large canoes were making from \$40 to \$60 a day in transporting the freight and baggage of the miners from the steamers to the beach and up one of the rivers for five or six miles on the way to a trail leading over the mountain to Lake Linderman. The news went through the Ranch like a whirlwind, and in a short time it seemed as if all the natives in the village were getting ready to start for this new Eldorado, where fortunes were to be made in short order. In a few hours seven large canoes, loaded with fifteen or twenty natives, each with baggage and food enough to last them for a journey of nearly 200 miles, were off. The day following, another fleet of canoes left for the same destination. These people are used to outdoor life and are accustomed to roughing it, but I fear that in their eagerness to make money they will overwork, will return as applicants for the hospital, where they will spend months of suffering, and perhaps die. Howard, one of our college boys, who was working in the mines on Douglas Island for fair wages, left his position and went to pack from both of these places; he made several trips over the summit of the mountains, one trip as far as Lake Linderman. He returned by the last steamer almost helpless—suffering greatly with rheumatism.

The trails were in a frightful condition from the constant travel of the pack-horses over them. For miles at the base of the mountain the mud was two or three feet deep, and higher up, the rocks were very slippery.

He tells of one man who was going over the Skaguay Trail with a pack-train of twelve horses tied together with a long rope; as they were threading their way along the mountain side above a deep ravine, the front horse fell over the precipice, carrying all the others with her; all the horses were dashed to pieces and his goods were a total loss. The man went back to Juneau and bought another outfit and started again. He had succeeded in getting over the summit, had his goods in his boat, and two men with them, while he was walking along the trail, as his boat was heavily loaded. While the boat was going through the rapids, between the third and last lake, by some mismanagement it was overturned, and all the goods were lost. This was too much for the poor man, who witnessed the accident from the trail, for he immediately drew his revolver and killed himself. The latest report is that they have had a landslide in one of the camps, by which seven persons lost their lives. Many of the little Chilkat Indian boys have bought horses from the miners for eight or ten dollars apiece, as it will cost more to winter them than they are worth. Thousands will have to winter on

the beach at Skaguay. Our advice to the many who have written to us for information about Klondike is, "Don't come." If you will come, don't come until next spring! You ought to have from \$600 to \$800 to take you in from Seattle. You can get your outfit at Juneau, and save money and trouble. The great majority who are going in will get more experience than gold. Rich as some of the claims undoubtedly are, the prizes are for the few.—*North Star*.

Route to the Klondike.

THERE are practically two routes to the Klondike. You may go by boat from San Francisco to St. Michaels, and then change to small steamers which go up the river 2,000 miles to Dawson. Ninety-five per cent. of the gold seekers, prefer the route by Juneau and Chilkat Pass. From Juneau it is 100 miles by steamer to Chilkat, thence 8 miles to Dyea. At Dyea you hire Indians to take you to the summit. From Dyea it is 10 miles through the snow to Sheep's Camp, which is the last timber. A climb of 6 miles brings you to the summit. Leaving the Indians, you go coasting down 14 miles to Lake Linderman. Then a succession of lakes for many miles to the Lynn River. Down this river and through dangerous lakes to Lewis River. For 200 miles you drift, pole, or row down this river until the Pelly River flows into it, making the large river called the Yukon. Here is the first trading-post after leaving Juneau. A journey down the Yukon of 180 miles brings you to Dawson City.

Dawson City is in British Columbia, 70 miles from the Alaska boundary line. It is 700 miles from Juneau, 2500 miles from Unalaska, 2,000 miles, from Kadiak and 2,000 miles from Seattle.

The Klondike.

I.

WRAPPED in a robe of everlasting snow,
Where icy blasts eternal revel hold,
Where gaunt pines shiver in the piercing cold,
Where mellow summer noontides never glow,
And sleety crags no spring-time ever know—
Thus, like a miser, in his freezing fold,
The Arctic King has gathered heaps of gold
To lead deluded wanderers unto woe.
So in his radiant diamond palace there,
Amid white splendors of his thousand thrones,
Where keen auroras glitter, blaze, and glare,
And like a Wandering Jew the wild wind moans,
He smiles at wretches in their last despair,
Who dig for gold among their comrades' bones.

II.

About my home I see the spring-time bloom,
The sheaves of summer or the autumn fruit;
To make me glad, the robin lends its lute,
The lilies blossom, lilacs breathe perfume,
The red leaves flutter, golden asters loom
Around me; tones of loved ones, never mute,
Are sweeter than the viol or the flute
Through June-time gladness or December gloom.
The daffodils their golden treasures pour
By lapsals to my children as they play;
The vines, with clustered rubies at my door,
Gladden my good wife through the livelong day:
So in this humble nest, my wealth is more
Than all the gold and silver dug from clay.

— Walter Malou, in *Harper's Weekly*

Food Pills for Klondike.

A SEATTLE man has made arrangements to put up food in an extremely condensed form for travellers to the Klondike.

A good cup of coffee or tea is crowded into a mass as thin and as small as a medium-sized button. It is already sweetened. One of these buttons, dropped into a cup of hot water, becomes immediately a cup of good coffee or tea.

All kinds of soups are prepared in the same way. The buttons contain a mixture of meat and vegetables, fully seasoned and ready for the hot water. A sausage-like affair, made of pea meal, fat, and bacon, makes twelve plates of nutritious soup. This has been used in the German army for nearly thirty years.

Then there is dried beef, an ounce of which is equivalent to five ounces of fresh meat. It is put up in hard little chunks, to be ground up into fine shavings, which can be spread on bread or used for soup making.

A loaf of bread is compressed into a mass not much bigger than a soda cracker. Ten pounds of onions, carrots, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, or any other vegetable, are crowded into one-pound cans, and for soup-making purposes are said to be excellent. — *New York Journal*.

Little Missionaries.

THREE hundred miles northeast of Wood Island, near the mouth of the Copper River, and on the direct route of steamers between Sitka and Kadiak, is a little island called Kayak. This island was the first land sighted by Vitus Bering in his eastward voyage in search of the American continent. It is now a favorite hunting-ground for the natives, and a trading-post of the North American Commercial Company. In 1895, Mr. Barrett, the Company's agent at this post, brought his two little girls to our mission at Wood Island, where they remained two years. Last May the little ones were taken home.

In the summer their teacher, Miss Goodchild, who had married Mr. Sanxey, the superintendent of the Company, went with him to this island. They reached there Sunday, August 1, and as they went from the boat, they saw sitting on the beach three familiar little forms, Grace, and Nellie, and their little brother Charlie, who had visited the mission. What a welcome they gave her, and how eagerly they said, "Have you come for us? Are we going back with you?"

Long before Mrs. Sanxey reached Kayak she had heard of the "two little missionaries," and of their good influence. When they heard any one swearing or fighting, or doing what they thought wrong, they would speak and say so. They would sing hymns learned at the mission, and one man said that these little ones had done him good. That, as they played outside "London Bridge is Falling Down," and sang their songs, he could think he was back in his childhood's home, and the old influence would return.

Grace said, "Mrs. Sanxey, this is Sunday, but we have no Sunday school here."

"We will have one now," said Mrs. Sanxey, and they sat down on the beach, and the Indian men and women gathered around, and they had Sunday school right there.

They clung closely to Mrs. Sanxey while she was at the island, and with joy went back with her to the mission, where a warm welcome awaited them.

This incident proves that the good seed sown at Kadiak shall bear fruit on other soil; that the islands and the mainland around the Gulf of Alaska are waiting for the Gospel of our Lord; and is a fulfilment of the prophecy, "A little child shall lead them."

UNDER an act of Congress communities of miners can make their own laws.



LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

SHELDON JACKSON has been the apostle of the reindeer for the Alaskans. He interested our Government in this plan for providing work and food for the Alaskan Indians, and purchased reindeer in Siberia. Then he divided them among several mission stations, and they have been well cared for and multiplied, but have not yet been put to serious work. Now comes the picturesque opportunity. At Cape Prince of Wales, on the furthest corner that juts out across Bering Strait is Mr. Lopp, of the American Missionary Association, with some three hundred reindeer that he has raised. Now our Government sends an expedition to relieve several hundred whalers caught in the ice of the Arctic Ocean, and will take Mr. Lopp's reindeer on a six hundred mile drive across the country to Point Barrow, near which the men are caught in the ice. And a little while ago folks were asking what was the use of missions to these scattered Eskimos.

"In that far land of arctic cold and snows,
How can he love that knoweth not the rose?
He hath no messenger to make his plea.
He hath no happy go-between, as he
Who, dwelling in this summer sunlit land,
Sends rose and love together, hand in hand."

Alaska Supplies.



LEADERS of the HOME MISSION ECHOES who have contributed supplies for our Orphanage will be interested to know what has been done the past year, for the help and comfort of the children and teachers there. On June 22d, two cases of

goods, weighing about five hundred pounds, left Boston, reaching San Francisco August 4th. Mr. E. C. Cox, secretary of the North American Commercial Company, writes, "They were at once forwarded to Alaska;" Mr. Coe in a letter informs us they were received on September 1st. One could imagine the joy in the home circle there as the children stood around straining their eyes to get a peep into the cases, when the iron bands and covers were removed, and the contents met their gaze. The removal of bedding from the top revealed to the boys ten new suits of clothing for Sunday wear, and several other suits which were a little worn; then came a good quantity of underwear and garments for the girls and boys, given by the Home Mission Circles; a box of dolls neatly dressed by the children of a band in Ansonia, Conn.; singing-books for the Sunday school from another band; books for the library, games, a box of Christmas gifts, a large Bible, gilt lettered on the covers, "Wood Island Chapel," some school supplies, and many small articles which filled in the small spaces. A Mission Circle in Norwalk, Conn., sent several dark flannel dresses of different sizes; denim aprons were the gift of the Tremont Temple Home Mission Circle and the ladies of the Malden Circle, which delighted Mrs. Coe because of their durable qualities; blouses of the same material, for the boys, were sent from several Circles. The removal of twenty-five pairs of skates completed the contents of the cases, and caused a shout of delight as Mr. Coe laid them down to be inspected by those who had longed for them. One dozen of these, the gift of the Winslow Manufacturing Company, of Worcester, Mass., were solicited by a bright, earnest young woman, who desired to send some sunshine into the lives of these isolated children of Alaska. Some kind friends did not forget Mrs. Coe and her children; of this she says: "I must write a few words of acknowledgment, although every minute tells in my work; but I desire at least to express my satisfaction with the supplies sent and my sincere appreciation of the thoughtfulness for myself. The dress is beautiful, and I shall endeavor to make it nicely. I also appreciate the gifts for my babies, finding them all useful. You are all so kind that we should feel ashamed to murmur or complain; and the Lord has so richly blessed us in our little ones, that we have very much to make us happy. You know how it cheers us to receive these assurances that we are not forgotten, and we are as pleased as children when, in unpacking, we find our names on a parcel; we know some one has thought of us."

Mr. Cox, of San Francisco, writes that "the last vessel has gone north this year," and requests that no more goods for Wood Island be sent to him until the spring opens, as

he has no conveniences for storing them. If all who desire to help in making up our supplies would send them to my address, I will see that they are packed and forwarded early in March, as it takes three months for transportation to Wood Island.

The Alaska winter has now set in, and the children are enjoying their skates on the lake during their hours for recreation; and Mr. and Mrs. Coe must work short-handed until help can be sent to them. We must not be discouraged. He whose work we are striving to carry on will surely not desert us now. Let us prepare our supplies with unabated energy; and pray earnestly that He will provide other faithful laborers for this field. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

1 Putnam Ave., Cambridge.

MRS. J. G. GOOCH.

SINCE coming to this city of mines and smelters in the heart of the Rockies, I feel convinced that there is no place of its size in the United States where missionary work is more needed than Butte. People flock here from every quarter of our globe to find work; Irish, Swedes, Italians, Austrians, Arabians, in fact, it seems that nearly every nation is represented in this city of 45,000 people. The Catholic Church claims three-fourths of our population. Nearly all come with the one object, to gain the "dollar," while few desire spiritual wealth. One cannot walk the streets without hearing curses on every hand. Over three hundred saloons are open to the public, and gambling dens are numerous. Among these people a few are striving to advance Christ's work. While my especial field is the Chinese, I try to do what I can elsewhere. I have been doing something among the Welsh, Italians, and Swedes in addition to my school, which has nearly doubled in size the past month. While it is a city so devoid of vegetation—not a tree, or scarcely grass or flowers—it is as utterly void of Christ in these hearts who come to us from foreign lands.

Butte, Mont., Oct. 27, 1897.

MRS. J. WHITMORE.

IT is with sorrow that we record the death of Deacon Mial Davis, which occurred at his home in Fitchburg, Mass., November 20. Deacon Davis has ever been a warm friend of missions, and his interest was manifested in generous acts and self-sacrificing deeds. He was one of the first to bid Godspeed to Miss Packard and Miss Giles in their unpopuler enterprise of starting a school for colored girls at Atlanta, Ga. He has given freely of his means during all the years of its existence. Many winters Deacon Davis has spent at Atlanta, looking after the affairs of the Seminary. Unable during the past few years to give money as formerly, he worked for the interest of the school while visiting Spelman, beautifying the grounds, giving Bible readings, etc. He organized a fire company among the girls, and so trained them that a fire-alarm at any time of day or night found them self-possessed and orderly. It has been our privilege to be in the home of Mr. Davis, and to listen to his earnest prayers for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. A good man has gone home. We remember our sister in her great sorrow, and pray for God's richest blessing to rest upon her.



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Notes.



HAPPY New Year to the forty thousand readers of **HOME MISSION ECHOES**! Twenty thousand subscribers certainly means not less than forty thousand readers. May all have some experience of the blessings pronounced by our Lord in His beatitudes on the mount, and also of that other utterance recorded in the Acts of the Apostles: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

ROLL up the subscription list for **ECHOES**. A gain of about 8,000 subscribers last year should be followed by many more this year. Let us have 25,000 by February.

THE Field Secretary of the Home Mission Society, having been in the South for a month in November and December, naturally presents to the readers of **ECHOES** some of his observations on our work among the colored people.

Is it not to be feared that the alleged love for God, on the part of some, is more of a negative than a positive quality? What we mean is illustrated by the answer of one of that class of peculiar people in the South, known as "poor whites," to a minister who asked him if he loved the Lord. "Wal, yes, I reckon so; leastwise I hain't got nothin' agin Him."

OUR Lord did not launch His church as a fragile craft upon a tempestuous sea and then leave it to be buffeted by adverse winds and waves and boarded by buccaners, perchance to be wrecked or scuttled and lost. His omnipotent hand has been and still is on the helm; He knows her course and her destination; and nothing shall frustrate his purpose concerning her.

Stewardship.

MORE than half a century ago Nathaniel R. Cobb wrote and signed in Boston his covenant: "By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. By the grace of God I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one-half of my net profits; if I am ever worth thirty thousand dollars, I will give three-fourths; and the whole after fifty thousand dollars. So help me God, or give to a

more faithful steward, and set me aside." For fifteen years he kept his covenant, and dying, said to a friend: "By the grace of God, nothing else, I have been enabled, under the influence of these resolutions, to give away more than forty thousand dollars. How good the Lord has been to me!"

THE great problem we have now on hand is the Christianizing of the money power of the world; what we wait for and are looking hopefully to see is the consecration of the vast money power of the world to the work and cause and kingdom of Jesus Christ. For that day, when it comes, is the morning, so to speak, of the new creation. That tide-wave in the money power can as little be resisted, when God brings it to us, as the tides of the sea, and like those also it will flow across the world in a day. — *Dr. Bushnell.*

Extension of Co-operation at the South.

IN October the Field Secretary of the Society attended the colored State Convention of Missouri at Jefferson City, and the white General Association of the State at Mexico, to confer with these bodies concerning coöperation in work for the colored people. The colored convention was ready for it, and the white brethren were very cordial in their consideration of the subject. The General Association empowered the new Board to make such arrangements as they deemed best. They have voted to enter into coöperation, and accordingly, one general missionary and one district missionary have been appointed by the coöperating bodies.

After correspondence also with the white and colored Baptists of Kentucky, a conference was held in Louisville, December 4, 1897, at which influential committees from the Boards of both bodies met the Field Secretary of the Society for the consideration of the subject. All were heartily in favor of the arrangement, and decided to recommend the appointment of a general missionary and one district missionary for the State. There is general satisfaction over this happy combination of forces, working according to well defined plans for the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement of the colored people.

"WHILE timid sailors reef and tack,
And hug the sheltering lee,
The boats that bring a wide world back
Put bravely out to sea."

Missionaries to the Klondike Gold Regions.



THE American Baptist Home Mission Society should send two missionaries to the Klondike gold regions as early as possible in 1898. For such a field, with its peculiar trials and temptations, two men, according to the plan of our Lord in sending out his disciples, are necessary. They will not only have abundance of work to do, but each will be a helper of the other, and perhaps a restraint upon the other against turning aside to secular pursuits. Besides, if one should be obliged to return on account of ill health or any other reason, the other might remain to continue the work until another could be sent.

The expense of sending two men with a proper outfit and maintaining them on a salary at all adequate to the expensiveness of living there, will be from \$5,000 to \$6,000 at the least. Then too we should have one or

least six months in the year, and a considerable population all the year round.

The Lord had a purpose in filling those mountains with gold, to attract men thither; and now is it not His purpose also that there His people shall plant Christian churches and early lay the foundations of a Christian civilization?

The Klondike Settlement.



EVIDENCE is accumulating that the rush to the Klondike gold regions next spring will exceed any migration of this kind that the world has ever before known. Already preparations are being made upon a most extensive scale. A number of steamships in our coastwise Atlantic service have been

sent, or are to be sent, through the Straits of Magellan to the Pacific coast, for the purpose of forming a part of the Klondike transportation fleet of the coming season. Steamships have been ordered, and are now in process of construction, which are to join this flotilla, while such Cunard steamers as the *Scythia* and *Bothnia*, to say nothing of other craft, have been engaged, it is said, to carry passengers northward from San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver, and other Pacific ports.

Already arrangements have been made to have a large fleet of light-draught steamers built in sections and carried to St. Michael's, for the purpose of transporting passengers and freight up the Yukon River just so soon as the melting of the ice will permit of navigation. By the direct route through the passes among the mountains, arrangements will be made for lessening the expense of transportation and doing away with the necessity that has existed up to the present time of each band of travelers

constructing on their own account boats or rafts to carry them through the lakes or down the headwaters of the Yukon River. Farther inland, steps will no doubt soon be taken to make the surveys for an extension of the Canadian Pacific railway system, a system that already runs northward so as to tap what are in effect the headwaters of the Mackenzie River. But while the preliminary work upon this railroad may be begun, nothing can be done on it which will assist passenger and freight transportation during the coming season. If the hopes held out of enormous gold discoveries are verified, the building of a line of railway from Edmonton to and through a part of the valley of the Yukon River is a work which is certain to be carried out within two or three years, thus making it possible to have daily intercourse with the mining camps of the Klondike and other streams throughout the entire year.

Hundreds of those who started during the last summer



BOYS OF KADIAK ORPHANAGE.

more chapels as quickly as possible, for which probably \$3,000 more would be needed.

Does this seem an amount so large as to forbid the undertaking? Must we then say, it cannot be done? Alas that gold should be regarded so dear and human souls so cheap! If there ever was a place where men needed the restraining influences of the Gospel as well as its consolations in suffering and death, that place is the Klondike gold region. And as Baptists we ought to make extra offerings to enable the Home Mission Society, which has ever been foremost in the occupation of new fields, to send two pioneer missionaries thither in the spring of 1898.

Three good men have already indicated their desire to go. They and the Society anxiously await the response of the denomination. Perhaps some one will lead off with a special gift of \$500 or \$1,000 for this purpose.

With improved facilities for going to and fro, that whole region will undoubtedly soon have a large population for at

in an ill-prepared manner for the gold-fields will pay dearly for their temerity, and will be fortunate if they escape with their lives; yet these risks are hardly likely to seriously menace those who start during the coming season, for it is probable that during the next season a vast quantity of supplies will be hurried to the upper waters of the Yukon River by dealers and speculators. Hundreds will go prepared to build and supply houses in which miners and others may lodge, so that however hard this winter may be, the winter that follows is likely, in consequence of the abundance of supplies, to be far from distressful to those who have sufficient means to purchase what they want.

Of course, the magnitude of the movement thither will depend a little upon the gold output that is reported next spring; but if, as now seems not improbable, mined gold to the amount of \$15,000,000 or \$18,000,000 is sent down next season from the upper valley of the Yukon River, the rush of people thither will be so great that even the ample facilities for transportation that it is proposed to have prepared may be strained to their utmost to meet the demand.

Altogether, we are likely to have a curious social and industrial phenomenon exhibited in this sudden settlement, in this far-away country, of a great many thousand people coming from all parts of the world, all drawn by the potent attraction of gold. — *Boston Herald*.

Reindeer in Alaska.

SOME interesting statements relating to the gold region in Alaska and the reindeer experiment there come out in the annual statement of United States Commissioner of Education Harris. It describes in detail the progress of the mining, the growth of Circle City, Dawson, and the Klondike district, the two principal routes, by the way of St. Michaels and Chilkat Pass.

Touching the importance of extending the introduction of reindeer into that Territory, the report says the reindeer stations ought to be able to furnish five hundred reindeer, trained to the harness, at once, for the use of the miners on the Upper Yukon River.

"It is my purpose," the commissioner goes on, "to detail three of the skilled herdsmen and thirty trained reindeer to the Yukon region the present summer." If this arrangement is carried out, as instructed, an important experiment will be in progress during the coming year at the gold mines. The plan of the bureau has been to arrange a reindeer express, connecting towns in line from Bering Strait to Kadiak Island. Superintendent of Reindeer Stations Kjellmann last September proved the practicability of this by making a trial trip on this route. Two of his party were able to take the steamer at Katmai, sailing to Sitka in March. This arrangement once completed, it will be possible for business companies in San Francisco and other cities to hold communication with their whaling fleets, during the winter, north of the Arctic circle.

The influx of miners into the Yukon has caused a demand for reindeer for freighting purposes. In the original plan for the purchase and distribution of reindeer, reference was had to securing a new food supply for the famishing

Eskimos of the Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean region, but it is now found that the reindeer are as essential to white men as to the Eskimos.

The wonderful Yukon placer mines are situated 25 to 100 miles from the greater stream. Provisions brought from the South and landed on the banks of the river are, with great difficulty, transported to the mines, on the tributary streams. Last winter mongrel dogs for transportation purposes cost from \$100 to \$200 each, and freight charges from the river to the mountains ranged from 15 to 20 cents per pound. The trained reindeer make in a day two or three times the distance covered by dog teams, and have the advantage that they can use the abundant moss as food. — *Washington Star*.

Language in Alaska.



THE Chinook jargon or Indian trade language of the North Pacific coast country and the Yukon valley is a strange mixture of several tongues. The Russians, who first settled Alaska, contributed the first foreign words to the native speech. Then came the French and English. The result is the jargon spoken by nearly everybody in Alaska, and by everybody who remains there any length of time.

It is a simple and an easily acquired vernacular, the entire vocabulary consisting of less than nine hundred words. Of course some words stand for many things, and a great deal is left to gesture and expression.

There are more words beginning with the letter "k" than any of the other letters of the English alphabet.

Words beginning with "ke" and "kw" seem to be most generally in use. The native Alaskan calls everybody from the United States "Boston" or "Boston man." A man from Great Britain is "King George," no matter whether he be captain of a man-of-war or a mere scullion on shipboard.

This is probably because people from her majesty's dominions first visited Alaska in the time of one of the Georges. A Frenchman is a "passinooks."

In Alaska, when you are talking to a native about food, it is "muck-a-muck." When you drink water, it is "muck-a-muck-chuck."

A blanket is a "paseesie." In speaking of a wet blanket, one of which may be thrown upon the rising spirits of more than one Klondike gold-hunter, the Alaskan Indian says it is a "pahli chuck paseesie." When it is dry it is "dely." If you wish to exchange it for some other article, you simply "huyhuy" it.

Some English words are used in the original in the Chinook jargon. The months of the year in which they see the sun up there, they call it the sun, and when they see a ship it is a ship. A stone is a stone to them.

Other words unchanged in the jargon are tea, spoon, soap, smoke, stick, skin, sick, shoes, salt, sail, nose, musket, lazy, house, haul, coal, boat, bed, and a few others.

Some of the words are very similar to those meaning the same things in English. A rope is a "lope." A sailor is

a "shipman." An onion is "la onion." Music is "tintin," and amusement in general, including laughter, is "hee-hee."

In Chinook there is only one word used to describe the mind and the heart. Either or both are "tum-tum." When one is grieved, he is "sick tum-tum."

Father and mother are papa and mamma, or "na-ah," respectively. A grandfather is a "chope," an uncle a "tot," a grandmother a "chitiah," and a cousin, brother or sister, "kapho," if older than the person addressing them. If younger, they are simply "ow."

God is referred to as "saghalie Tyee," and heaven as "saghalie illahie." When one dies he is "memaloost," and there is no word in the Alaskan vocabulary for resurrection. — *Record*.

A Seal Farm.



APTAIN JOHN SCHOONOVER, of San Francisco, is going to establish a seal farm on Nunivak Island, off the Alaskan coast. He has purchased several thousand acres of land, and will lead the world in an experiment he believes will eventually prove more profitable than a gold mine.

The captain will sail from that city thoroughly equipped for his work, and he will either purchase or catch the live seals at the rookeries, and with these he intends to stock his farm. He will engage native Aleuts to herd and keep the seals after they are transferred to his feeding-ground.

The place he has selected for experiments is very similar to that used by Dr. David Starr Jordan for correcting the young pups on St. Paul Island. A large salt lagoon extends in from the sea and is surrounded on three sides by the rocky coast of the island. The arm that reaches out into the sea is deep, but narrow, and a wire fence will have to be constructed probably fifty or sixty feet under the water. The lagoon will have to be surrounded by a similar fence on the land, for the seals can travel overland with as much ease as in the water.

The question of securing food for the captive seals is not difficult of solution, for the waters all about abound in fish that the seals like. The seals, for that matter, eat any fish that they can capture. The captain will stock his farm with many of the common sea fish; but after the herd of seals increases in number and size, he expects to gather most of the food with nets and seines.

This will then be the most difficult part of the undertaking, and his men will find themselves kept busy all of the time. A good-sized seal requires a score or more of ordinary fish a day, and the appetite increases with the weight and size. But this is about all the care the seals need.

It is also intended to start a sea-otter farm on Nunivak Island. This valuable animal has suffered almost complete extinction in the Bering Sea, and it is feared that the species will soon disappear entirely from any body of water. It is estimated by Doctor Jordan that not more than a thousand sea-otters are left in the oceans, and that these will soon be killed off. — *New York Journal*.

Colored Y. M. C. Associations.



PROGRESS among the colored people is shown by the organization of colored Young Men's Christian Associations. Through the kindness of Mr. W. A. Hunton, of Richmond, their general secretary, we are able to give the general facts about these organizations.

There are sixty-five colored Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States, forty of which are in colleges and normal schools, and twenty in the larger cities. There are three school associations in Virginia, six in North Carolina, and five in South Carolina. Four thousand members are reported. The general movement was started in Norfolk, Va., in 1888. They have two buildings in Richmond, one projected in Norfolk, and one in New Haven, Conn. In cities they have reading-rooms, libraries, and literary societies; in two cities, lecture courses, health talks, bath-rooms, etc. Norfolk has about three hundred active members, and four hundred enrolled.

While the development of the work is not rapid, it is on the whole encouraging. There are not many large cities in the South where such associations can flourish. Even with larger populations and greater resources, many white associations at the North find it difficult to maintain themselves. Much more difficult, therefore, must it be among the poorer colored people. As yet, also, there is difficulty in getting good and capable men for local secretaries. Many of the old preachers do not look with favor upon this movement, and many young men do not appreciate its advantages to them.

It is a lamentable fact that large numbers of colored young men are growing away from the churches, so that unless special efforts are put forth to reach and win them to Christ, they will constitute an increasingly godless and dangerous element in the cities.

The annual meeting of colored Young Men's Christian Associations was held at Shaw University, Nov. 24-26, 1897. At the University a fine room has been fitted up for the uses of the local association, chiefly by the contributions of its members.

A New Departure in Georgia.

FOR several years the colored Baptists of Georgia have been divided into two conventions, between which there has not always been the best of feeling. This division has stood in the way of coöperation in missionary work in that State. It was thought, however, that they might come together in educational work. Accordingly Corresponding Secretary Morgan addressed a communication to the colored Baptists of Georgia, submitting certain proposals concerning an Education Society, and the larger share that the colored Baptists of the State might have in the work of education, both at the two institutions in Atlanta, and in others that have been or may be established. Dr. Mac Vicar, Superintendent of Education, attended the meetings of both conventions, to explain and advocate the plan, and after full consideration, each body appointed a committee

for joint conference with representatives of the Home Mission Society on the matter.

The conference was held at Spelman Seminary in Atlanta, November 30, 1897, when there were present fourteen members of the two committees, the Principals of Spelman Seminary, the President of Atlanta Baptist College, the Superintendent of Education, and the Field Secretary of the Home Mission Society. Nearly the whole day was devoted to the subject. By a vote of nineteen to one, it was decided to call a delegated meeting of the colored Baptists of Georgia, at Macon, February 16, 1898, for the organization of an Education Society to cooperate with the Home Mission Society in the prosecution of educational work in the State.

This new movement is hailed with rejoicing by the best men in the State, who are confident that, with proper organization and the adoption of right methods, the 235,000 colored Baptists of Georgia, though poor, can raise several thousand dollars each year for these purposes. Thus the Society in every practical way is striving to develop the ability and the self-reliance of this people, who are ambitious to do what they can for themselves.

A Rising Race.

IN 1847, a slave boy was born in North Carolina, and at the age of twelve, having a fine physique, was sold in Richmond, Va., for \$1,505. He was separated from his parents and taken to Western Georgia. His father, at work on a distant plantation, knew nothing of the affair until three months afterwards. The boy, being friendless, had little or no sympathy from anybody, and had to cook his own coarse food as best he could.

In 1863, when the advance of the Union troops jeopardized slave property, his owner took his "chattels" to Southern Georgia for security. There the youth was converted, and in 1864 was baptized, and, returning to Western Georgia after the war, was married in 1868. Feeling that he was called to preach, he was ordained in the year 1874.

In North Carolina, by stealth he had learned the alphabet, and after emancipation, at about twenty years of age, applied himself to study at such spare hours as he could command. In 1880, at the age of thirty-three, he managed to attend the Atlanta Baptist Seminary for three months, which is all the schooling he ever had. During this time he preached every Sunday.

He began his ministry while working on a small salary in a store, and for two years walked every month thirty-five miles to his appointment at the Greenville church, and twenty-eight miles to another church, preaching to each once a month. From the best church he received a salary of about \$20 per year. Later, he became pastor of a third church also, as is common both among white and colored Baptists in the South. He has served the church at Jones Mill 23 years, the Greenville church 22 years, and the Gabbetsville church 19 years, having baptized in all 2,114 persons. The church first named has 868 members.

His second wife was one of the early students at Spelman Seminary. To her Christian influence and culture he declares he is greatly indebted, and he boasts that their first child was the first grandchild of Spelman. He has a daughter at the Seminary, and he speaks in high terms of six Seminary graduates in the churches of which he is pastor. He is a champion of temperance reform, will not knowingly have any official in his churches who is addicted to the use of intoxicating beverages, and, as moderator of an association which contains about 13,000 Baptists, he has almost suppressed the drinking habit among the colored ministers therein.

He has built seven church edifices, which, with one exception, are better than those of the whites in the same region. Among white and colored Baptists he is held in high esteem for his manliness, his devoted and consistent Christian character, his broad-mindedness, intelligence, and good common sense. This brother, whom it was my privilege to meet recently in Atlanta, who, though thoroughly black, has fine features, is Rev. D. J. Wimbush, of Jones Mill, Ga. He may be taken as a representative of many others who, born in slavery and deprived of the advantages of an early education, have battled their way to success. A race which contains characters with such inherent energy is certainly a rising race, and deserving of help in their efforts to rise.

About ten years after the war, when he had learned to write, he made inquiries about his parents and brothers, from whom he had been separated nearly or quite twenty-five years. Learning that they were still living in North Carolina, he made them a visit, arriving at their home on Christmas day. It was a most affecting meeting, the old mother being completely overjoyed in seeing once more her long-lost son, while the father, an old preacher, coming in later, maintaining his composure, thankfully said that he had long prayed that he might behold his boy again, and believed that his prayer would be answered, as now it was indeed. And then they all had such a Christmas prayer-meeting as may be well imagined, but which cannot be easily described.

Signs of Progress.

WHOEVER attends the religious gatherings of the negro Baptists of the South in order to find fault or occasion for laughter, can, doubtless, find sufficient to suit his purpose. Unfortunately it is often the ludicrous side of such meetings that gets into the columns of the papers. The negro who is neatly dressed, speaks good English and behaves himself like a sensible man, ceases to be picturesque, and therefore interesting, to the general public. But if one attends the representative religious gatherings of negroes with a kindly sympathy and with a sincere desire to find better things and signs of progress, he will not be disappointed.

It was my privilege during the months of September and October to attend a number of negro Baptist Associations in various parts of Georgia, and I find myself looking into the future with a larger hopefulness as a result of these

visits. I set down here some of the signs of progress which have specially impressed me.

1. An increasing orderliness in the conduct of the sessions. I heard far less wrangling about points of order and methods of procedure. In some cases the moderators guided the business with admirable judgment and dispatch; and, while there is still much to be desired, there is decided progress. One feels that these gatherings, with their regular organizations and parliamentary procedure, are really a valuable means of education.

2. The lofty moral tone of many of the leading men. The more prominent men usually come to the front in these gatherings, and seem to regard them as opportunities for the inculcation of sounder morality. The common practices of the people which are regarded as being detrimental to good morals are attacked with refreshing candor and force. Liquor drinking is roundly denounced. Occasionally a fearless brother will class the use of tobacco with that of spirits, and will denounce both alike. The shortcomings of the preachers are by no means overlooked, and erring brethren receive pointed and wholesome admonition. The old-time "holy tone" in preaching is held up to merciless ridicule. Brethren are exhorted "to quit whining and go to preaching." All this with the utmost good humor, and yet with no uncertain sound.

3. From the inculcation of moral principles to the teaching of practical economy and thrift, the passage is easy. The thrifty land-owning, self-supporting negro is held up to emulation. "It is a disgrace," said one speaker recently, "for a young woman to go about the streets wearing a six dollar hat when she has no place at home to hang it. I've known a woman to buy an expensive suit of furniture, and whenever it rained she had to keep moving it from one place to another in her house to keep it from getting wet. A young man will go about with a five-dollar pair of patent leather shoes on his feet, and when he dies his friends will have to take a collection to bury him." This is a sample of much one hears.

4. The movement is to do away with Sunday association gatherings. The old-time association, which still survives in some places, met on Thursday or Friday, and continued through the Lord's day. The colored people, being free from work on Sunday, would come in great numbers to the association; many of them never went into the church; booths were set up for the sale of refreshments, not always of unquestionable character; fakirs of all kinds were attracted by the crowds, and the gathering resembled a fair quite as much as a Baptist association. The more intelligent leaders of the people have long felt that this was a desecration of the Sabbath in the name of religion. They could not control the people who came. In many associations the time of meeting has been changed so as to have no Sunday gathering. In one association at least where the change has been made, a retrograde step was taken this year. But the sentiment of the people, under the guidance of the better class of leaders, is gradually changing, and the Sunday association meeting is surely doomed.

5. Who are the men who are foremost in the good work indicated above? I answer, for the most part they are

the men who have been trained under the auspices of the Home Mission Society, chiefly in Atlanta Baptist College. To see the work which these men are doing, and the fruits of the Society's efforts on behalf of the negro Baptists of Georgia, one must go to the churches and the associations, where the heaven of truth and morality can be seen slowly but surely leavening the whole lump.

GEORGE SALE, *President Atlanta Baptist College.*

A Native African at Shaw University.

ALFRED IMPY was born at Milledrift, South Africa. His father's name was Impy; his mother's name was Balise.

After the death of his father, Alfred lived with King



ALFRED IMPY.

William, the son of King Kama. He belonged to the Kaffir tribe, and is supposed to be about twenty years of age.

Alfred Impy attended the Barnhill mission school. A Miss Grandana was teacher. He has been baptized. He was brought to this country by Reverend Mr. Jackson, a missionary under the auspices of the Foreign Mission Convention of the United States, to be educated for a missionary.

Mr. Impy entered Shaw University last October. He has learned to speak the English language, and is making good progress in his studies.

He is a young man of fine personal appearance, excellent spirits, and industrious habits. His deportment in the University is perfect.

Mr. Impy is looking forward to the day when he will return to his native country, prepared to instruct and elevate his own people.

"SING the song God bids thee.
The heart of earth's great throng
Needs for its perfect solace
The music of thy song."



Our Girls.



WAY up in the Alaskan country are many young women who are in great need of Christian teaching. We wish our girls would send to our Boston headquarters for the story of Tashekah, prepared by Mrs. Grace C. Lathrop.

The history of this sorrowful, persecuted girl is often repeated in Alaskan life. Ofdotia, who writes the following letter, is one of our Orphanage pupils who has found Christ. Her picture was in the ECHOES of last February. Her after life will be very different from that of the Alaskan girls who, in Dr. Sheldon Jackson's words, are "crushed by a cruel heathenism, despised by their fathers, sold by their mothers, imposed upon by their brothers, and later ill-treated by their husbands, cast out in their widowhood, living lives of toil, untaught and uncared for, with no true enjoyment in this world and no hope for the world to come."

WOOD ISLAND, ALASKA, Sept. 5, 1897.

MY DEAR MRS. McWHINNIE: I didn't write to you for a long time. I am going to be baptized this afternoon at three o'clock. Oh, Mrs. McWhinnie, I am so happy I cannot tell you how happy I am. I have been loving Jesus for quite a long time now, but I wasn't baptized, so this morning I asked Papa Coe about it. Papa Coe and Mamma Coe and Mrs. Sanxey spoke to me about it a good many times. I prayed about it for a long time, and this morning I wanted to be baptized. So Papa Coe had a meeting and asked me some questions, and I answered them. There were a good many people who stayed in the church after Sunday school. At first I felt that I couldn't speak, but I got up and talked to Papa Coe. Now I shall help each boy and girl here. I want them to grow up and love Jesus, and tell others about His love, and how He came to suffer for us.

School opened Monday, but I don't go to school. I have to help about the work. I think when some one comes to take Miss Snow's place, then I'll go to school. You see, I want to learn all I can while I am here; perhaps I'll go to Kayak to help the poor Indians, and teach them about Jesus. I want to study hard.

Two more children came on the mail-boat: Sadie and

Lewie. Lewie talks Aleut to me. He knows I understand Aleut just a little-bit. Grace and Nellie came back from Kayak, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanxey. Mrs. Sanxey lives across the lake now, but she stays here all day and goes home in the evening after all the little ones are in bed and her work is done. How I do love my own dear teacher!

My father has come back from hunting. He brought my sister a nice doll. I wish you could see my papa and sister. I said that I would send you some flowers, but I can't now, as they are all spoiled. Instead of the flowers I will send you a silver ring which was sent to me from Kayak. One of the Indian women sent it to me. I wonder if you liked the shells that I sent you. Did you? I hope you will write to me. I read the letters over and over again that you wrote me; I never get tired of reading them. I asked Mamma Coe if you'd come to take Miss Snow's place.

I have three pretty little kittens; I wish you could see them. Please tell some of the girls to write to me. I would be very glad to get some letters.

I will tell you something funny. There was a native woman here washing clothes. What do you think she asked for? Why, she asked me to give her a doll! Isn't it funny for a woman to play with dolls?

Alexander told me to-day that he thought it's going to be a very cold winter this year. We are very glad that winter will soon be here; we have lots of fun. We children all love winter. We can skate, coast, and play with the snow.

I call the ice Alaska candy. I do wish you'd come here and spend the winter with us; will you?

I can't think of much more to write, so I will close, hoping to hear from you soon. Please remember me in your prayers, for I am trying to help the children here to give their hearts to Jesus. Good-night, with love,

OFDOTIA DORA BROWN.

MRS. GENUNG, in one of her Alaskan Lessons, gives this description: "Many of the younger women have fair and attractive features; but like some of their more civilized white sisters, many of them paint their faces for the sake of their complexion. The paint, however, would hardly suit the American belle, as it is a mixture of soot and fish-oil, sometimes with vermilion and a blue coloring matter added. They are very fond of ornaments, and, not satisfied with silver bracelets and anklets, some wear a silver button in the under lip, varying in size according to the age of the wearer."

Our Little folks.



PARISCOVIA.

DO you wonder that the forty boys and girls of the Mission Band in Southington, Conn., feel a sort of ownership in Pariscovia, one of our Alaska girls, whose picture you see above? The cloak she wears is one that belonged to a dearly loved member who "went home" two years ago this month. The cap is one worn by another of the Band, and so, as she stands before them in her comfortable clothing, they feel very glad that their gifts are helping to keep her in school, and they are anxious that she shall grow up to be a good Christian girl, and useful among her people.

The Mountain Gems.

WHAT are they? Perhaps you are guessing that they are pretty stones, sending out all sorts of colors as you hold them in the sunlight. You are wrong, and you are right, for they are not at all stones dug out of the mountain's rocky side, but they are rosy-cheeked, sunny-faced little girls, whose sparkling eyes send out brighter lights than any jewels we ever saw. Where are they? Nestled in Berlin, the youngest city of New Hampshire, where we found them on a recent visit. We told them all about our mission work, and how they could help if they formed themselves into a mission band; and they have done so. And when they asked us to name them, we couldn't think of anything else that fitted them half so well as the Mountain Gems. So reach out your hands, little folks of the older bands, and give them royal welcome, for you will have cause to be very glad that these earnest, active, enthusiastic girls have joined you in your work for the Master.

A Pair of Alaska Twins.

THE most interesting pair of twins in all Greater New York are from Alaska, and have travelled a good many thousand miles for little tots of their age. They are little brown folks, much the same color as the seals that the fishermen go up to Bering-Sea to find. They were born six years ago, away up in Northern Alaska, in a miserable little Eskimo hut. The name of one is Zarsriner, and the other Artmarhoke. Rather heavy names for two such pretty little children. The story of these little wanderers is very entertaining.

One day, after an unusually long spell of severe winter weather—a winter in which the poor in Alaska had suffered greatly from cold, want, and hunger—an Indian woman, with an infant wrapped up in the usual fashion strapped to her back, entered the camp of Miner W. Bruce, at Port Chester, Alaska, where, in 1892, Mr. Bruce had established the government reindeer station. At this place, reindeer are brought across from Siberia by the government agents in order to grow large herds of them so that the Indians shall have something to live on.

When the poor Alaska fisherwoman entered the room in which Mr. Bruce was, she placed her baby on the floor. She was almost at the point of starvation, having been several days without food. The first thing done for her was to give her all the good, wholesome, hot food that she could eat. Then came her story in the Eskimo language, which Mr. Bruce understood. This baby, Zarsriner, in the Eskimo language meaning "one of two," was a twin, and there were also other children at home, if that little hole dug in the snow and ice, in which they lived, could be called a home. This mother told Mr. Bruce that she, perhaps, might support one of the babies, but that if she had to keep them both, neither of them could live through the winter.

The result of the talk between the young Boston scientist and the poor Eskimo mother was that he consented to relieve her of a portion of her load of care. He offered to take this little Eskimo baby, have it educated, and when she was old enough send her back to Alaska to be a missionary to her people. At the last it was very hard for the woman to go away and leave the baby, but the promise that it should have just as much and just as good things to eat as Mr. Bruce himself, had its weight, and the mother, looking lovingly at her baby, but not kissing it—for Mr. Bruce says the Eskimos do not kiss their children—went off to her miserable home, and left little Zarsriner with her new guardian.

Mr. Bruce soon came to be very much attached to the little girl. He took her with him everywhere he went, and her name, "one of two," was a constant reminder to him that there was another one left behind. The more he thought about it the more he wished he had the other sister, and so, about a year and a half later, he went back to Alaska, and persuaded the mother to give him little Artmarhoke, the other one of the twins.

It is surely very nice for these little seal-brown sisters to be brought up together. They are just as happy as little

kittens, for Mr. Bruce, and all the learned and elegant people to whom he introduces them, are very kind and good to them. They speak two languages very well. Mr. Bruce always talks to them in Eskimo, so they will not forget their mother tongue.

These funny little twins have very black hair, which reaches down a little below their shoulders, and is worn banded across their foreheads. Their eyes are brown-black, and almond-shaped, like those of Chinese children. Their teeth are so white and even that they look as though a dentist had made them to order. They are very quiet and good girls, and quick to learn anything they are taught.

I am sure all the boys and girls who read this, in their happy Christian homes, will pray to God that these little twin girls from Alaska may grow up to be good and noble women, and be the bearers of much comfort and light to the boys and girls of far-away Alaska, where they were born.—*Louis Albert Banks, in the Classmate.*

OUR little folks will be glad to read the following letter from one of the pupils at the Alaskan Orphanage:

DEAR MRS. McWHINNIE: I am a little girl, eight years old, but I think I will write you as much as I can. I am up in the attic alone, and I am writing letters on Sunday, and I think it is a very nice day to write letters, and a very nice place, too. The other girls are writing down-stairs.

We have good times in winter. We skate, and I enjoy writing letters to you and everybody, too. We didn't have very deep snow last winter on the ground. We have a horse named Billy. Billy draws us children on the sled in winter, and he works pretty hard, carries stones from the beach, and hauls logs.

Our chickens lay good eggs. Curtis, Mamma Coe's baby, is growing very fast and cute. He tries to talk. You ought to see his picture; he is about as cute as any one of the babies. Mamma and Papa Coe are kind to us children. We scrub and wash the children's clothes and all sorts of work. Maggie, Mary Dusken, and Mary Brown are upstairs girls, and Odotia is sewing girl. Kate, Pariscovia, and I are down-stairs girls, and I like to work very much. Annie is my sister, and I have two sisters away from the Mission.

We like to read in school. Pariscovia, Earl, Claud, Robert, and I are in the second reader and class, and Shurka and Odotia are in the first class. This is all I am going to write, so good night.

FROM MAMIE KEIN.

The story "A Missionary Doll," in December ECHOES, was taken from *Work at Home*, whose Junior Department has many bright sketches and helpful hints for children in their missionary work.

MAMIE KEIN, in her letter above, said she wished we could have a picture of Baby Coe. We are glad that her wish is realized, and we can look into the children's faces, though we believe if we could see the *real* ones, they would look much fairer than the picture represents them.



CURTIS AND LULU COE.

Mission Band Lesson. No. VIII.

The Kadiak Orphanage.

1. Where is the Kadiak Orphanage located? *Ans.* At Wood Island, Alaska.
2. Give the size of the island. *Ans.* The island is four miles long and two miles wide.
3. Of whom does the population consist? *Ans.* Creoles and Aleuts.
4. What is their occupation? *Ans.* Hunting the sea-otter.
5. What is their religion? *Ans.* Many of them are members of the Greek Church.
6. What place is near Wood Island? *Ans.* Kadiak, the old Russian capital.
7. What are Kadiak and Wood Island? *Ans.* Trading-posts of the North American and Alaska Commercial Companies.
8. What does our mission field include? *Ans.* The region around the Gulf of Alaska, with Wood Island as headquarters.
9. When was the Orphanage opened? *Ans.* July 4, 1893.
10. By whom was it built? *Ans.* The women and children of New England.
11. Who has charge of the Orphanage? *Ans.* Mr. C. P. Coe.
12. How many children are in the Home? *Ans.* Twenty-five.
13. What is the aim of the Orphanage? *Ans.* It aims to have the children under its care so trained that they may become Christians and missionaries among their own people.
14. Who are asked to make the Orphanage their special care? *Ans.* The Sunday schools of New England.